## PLENIS VITE.

Child of hope and light, we said, Who shall dare to call thee dead? Full of life thou wert and art, Freeborn spirit, eagle-beart! Tender was thy glance and bland, Luminous thy giving hand; Sweet as fragrance on the sense Stole thy rich intelligence, And thy coming, like the spring, Moved the saddest lips to sing.

Wealth above all argosics.
Sunshine of our drooping eyes!
Be to Heaven, for Heaven's desert,
Fair as unto us thou wert.
Tho' afout thy burial-stone
Winds in desolation moan,
Not our sorrow's faintest breath
Links thy happy name with death,
Lest thereby our love should be,
Thou that livest! false to thee.

LOUISE IMOGEN G Louise Imogen Guiney.

EDELWEISS.

And so that is really the Matterhorn! How bare and stern, and cruel it looks; like a petrified decree of jadgment.

'Now you suggest it,' said he, 'that exactly describes it; but there comes the flood-tide of mercy.' And the rush of glowing sunset crimson, which swept over Alpine peak and snow-bound plateau, hushed them both for a moment.

They two had climbed beyond the meadow and the belt of green larches and pines that hemmed it in, to see the sun set as it sets nowhere else in like glory. At their feet lay Zermatt, nestled in under the frowning beights, but that made the feeling of isolation only the deeper: the two old ladies who completed their sunset party had sat down breathless, fifty yards back, and to all practical purposes they were alone with the mountains, he and she.

Fair samples of their age and period, both of them. She, slight, fair and gentle; with the exquisite coloring and quiet grace of manner that declared her nationality before one heard her English-softness of speech; he, tall, dark and active; English too, one would have said, except for a certain nervous energy and a half-suggestion of difference in accent and inflection of voice.

They were friends of just a formight's standing, and had met at Chamouni in the most commonplace way possible—a mere lable d'hote acquaintance. But Ralph Verriker was crossing the Simplon to Zermatt, and Captain Hereford and his daughter had vague intentions in that direction too; so they drifted together somehow, and joined forces; and the last fortnight fresh from Eden.

Perhaps many men might have found two weeks of such daily intercourse and intimate association with a unind so pure and a spirit so sweet as Declima Hereford's fatal to their peace of mind; but the peace of mind of some people is a thing soon to be restored, and many men are never so happy as with some such disturbing cause. Not so Kalph Verriker; there was a strength of will in brow and chis which went to show that his was not a fancy lightly to wax and wase, and the most casual observe

tion to nim in the situation; they were so utterly alone:

And left the twain in solitude';
and to enjoy the unearthly glories of an Alvine source in the companionship of a perfectly appreciative and sympathetic nature, is a gratification not granted to every soul.

There was not much need of speech after that last blaze of shifting color; eye met eye, and said more than words could do; then there was a breathless, almost awestruck pause, until the opalescent lines legan to fade; and then Verriker held out his hand, for the path below them stretched down rough and steep.

'Come,' he said, almost below his breath; 'that's snough; let us go before the end; all the rest will be anti-climax.

Down the slope they went together, he guiding her, the small gloved fingers still resting in his, while the two old ladies trotted on, far ahead, in amiable oblivion. The awe and the wonder were on her still, and she could not come back to earth so soon again; but a young man is but human after all, and Verriker was conscious, with every fibre of his frame, of the light contact of her hand with his. But once within the pinewoods, she came to berself, drew a long deep breath, and with a tint in her face like a reflection tossed back from the rosedyed hills, withdrew from the support that was certainly not now demanded by the exigencies of the pathway.

'It was almost too beautiful,' she said. 'My first

pathway.

'It was almost too beautiful,' she said. 'My first real sunset since I came to Switzerland, you know; and then, the Matterborn! To you it must be such hackneyed experience that you can hardly understand what it means to me.'

'Yet I think lean,' he answered. 'No amount of repetition can stale a sight like that; and it's not so many years since I left Oxford and made the grand tour first.'

grand tour first.'

'And you have been abroad so often since, you say. How different from me! I was never across the Chanuel in all my ,life before, and scarcely even the Chanuel in all my .

say. How different from me! I was never across the Channel in all my, life before, and scarcely even out of Stockingham! Is that where you live?

'Stockingham! Is that where you live?'

'Only geographically. I'm afraid; somewhere in the Minlands, isn't it? Is it a nice sort of place?'

'Oh, no! not nice—not pretty at all: a great mannfactoring town, with enormous lace and stocking factories, all hard, and busy, and money-making; nothing beautiful. I think the only nice thing in it is the school of art, a splendid one, for lace-designing is such a branch there. I spent my happiest hours as a child, studying at that art-school. Switzerland is the first realization of my childhood's dreams of beauty; but your life must have been so different?

'Yes, different enough! with half a smile. I am international, you know. My father went to America very young, and married a New-York girl, and after his death I was sent to England to be educated. Eton and Oxford made me an Englishman, and foreign travel finished the compound. Yet my mother and my home are in New-York, and loften think there is a good deal of the American left about me yet.

'I am sure of it, she answered demurely. 'I have heard you say, "Why, certainly!" at least a dozen times, and you distinctly "guessed" one day at Martigny!

Verriker laughed delightedly. Did she actually remember so small a thing about him? But as a needle clings to the magnet, so the lover cleaves to one subject, and he was back again in an instant to the chief topic of interest.

'Speaking of guessing,' he said, drawing nearer,'I have had a fertile matter of speculation in your name. What is it Captain Hereford calls you' Decre? How quaint and how pretty! I never heard it betore.'

'Oh, it is short for Decima. Do you like it? I always think it so angular and mathematical. I was the terth child, and the only one who lived out of babyhood, it seems so strange that I should have been the one to grow up; I often wonder why.'

have been the one to grow up; I often wonder why.'

Ralph looked as though he could have offered a solution to that problem; but they were out of the woods now, and on the high road, and a crowd of lingering children, venders of pebbles, and lichen, and alpine flowers, saw in the belated travellers one last chance of centimes sent by a beneficent Providence, and rushed up through the gathering rwilight like a horde of licensed banditt, screaming and jabbering vociferonsly.

'Edelweiss! Oh, is it really the edelweiss? exclaimed Decima, as a white-flannely-looking vegetable was thrust into her face. 'The first! have seen! I must have it.' And she hastily felt for the Docket which women nowadays wear rather as a penance than as a convenient receptacle; but Ralph interposed with an energy which startled her.

Ralph interposed with an energy which startled her.

'Miss Hereford, don't! I beg you won't think of it—pray don't! Selling edelweiss; was there ever such hideous profanation? It's like selling the bones of one's family for knife handles. There, take that, you small reptiles! And the whole crew vanished, yelling, after the handlul of small coins that rattled victorally down the hill-side. Decima stood transitized with surprise; then Kalph's face of righteons wrath struck her with mirth, and she burst into a merry laugh.

'What an exercise of ferocious sentiment! she said, when she could speak; 'what can it all be about f—not one little scrap of white flower, surely? Why am I not to have it, please!

'Den't you really know! he asked, laughing too at his own vehemence. 'Perhaps I was rather violent, but the vulgarization of the present age is a thing that diagnsts me beyond words. To sell edelweis:—and for you to buy it! But don't you really know!

'Know! I know prehing execut that it is a

owf I know nothing except that it is a se flower, and grows just on the edge of the sal snow; and that I want one very much, as a nente of my visit to Switzerland; but that it account for the energy of your conduct in randing mediate.

efrauding me of it.

Then you don't know the story—the meaning? for wall, then, listen; and give me your hand care lore, please; this bit of path is rough again.

Once there was a maiden—so the legend runs—so air, so pure, so heavenly-minded, that us suitor was found worthy to win her; and so, though all an vainly sighed for her, at least she was metamorhoed into a white etar-like flower, and placed ith up on the loftiest mountain tops, close to the asy whe resembled, to be forever a type of the committeed into a white surest and most lovely. And assess the flower was only found through parily delight, and an upward struggle, it became a say through all the cantess that to win the love was highest and noblest was "to pluck the liveis."; and no hisher honor could any lady

merit than to have the little white flower placed, as her own emblem, within her gentle hand. So at length it grewite be; sacred to betrothals, as the orange-mossom is sacred to marriage; and no maiden might be wentil her lover had scaled the perilous heights himself, to seek the priceless edelweiss, and lay it at her feet. And, like the Scotch white heather, it told in itself the old sweet tale; for, if the maiden took his offering, the happy lover might hope; and if she placed it in her girdle or her bosom, then he knew that she was his. Now, do you understand why I cannot bear the edelweiss to be profaned—why I would not let you buy it?

They had come out close by the hotel now—the hotel with its yellow tide of lamplight pouring from the open door, and a babble of voices, French, German, English, sounding from the high balcony; among them all the gruff tones they both knew, raised in denunciation of the manners, customs and charges of the country. They paused just beyond the outer circle of light, still hand in hand, and he stooped his tall head to askithat last question with a lewered voice. Decima's head was bent, too, as if to hide the face it was too dark for him to see, and for a moment she did not speak. Then she slipped her small fingers from the clasp where they still rested, and looked up.

'Yes, I understand,' she said, very low and very quietly. 'Thank you—good night!' and she vanished into the gulf of light, and left him alone in outer darkness.

'Where's Verriker gone?' was Captala Hereford's morning greeting, as Decima appeared at breakfast. I want to settle that trip to the Görner Grat, and now he can't be found. I wish to heaven young people would have some consideration. But Decima pradually refrained from all remark. At dinner her father's indignation was still higher. 'What on earth that young fellow's up to, no one can think' he growled over his thin sonp. 'Started only his alpenatock and nailed bocts, and two day provisions. Must be madness in his family. Babi beastly stuff this; take it away. 'This comes of pleking up travilling companions! The young fellow looked a gentleman. 'The young fellow looked a gentleman to the young fellow looked a gentleman does not treat another in this way. Pray, did he honor you with his plans, Decis?

All next day it was the same; more initiation from her lather; more apprehension in her own heart and a sort of sickening feeling of unspoken terror. People at the hotel began to wonder too; to specialte what the rash young American could have meant to do—when he would return; to talk of the folly of venturing to climb without a guide; to shake their heads. The hot day had cooled off into another brilliant night, and again Decima kneit at her low window in the without a guide; to shake their heads. The hot day had cooled off into another brilliant night, and again Decima kneit at her low window in the white moonlight, trying to soothe a feverish headache, and to pray; when all at once some one loomed out of the shadow below—some one whom even that high on the point of a tall alpenatock, something was laid gently down unon the window-ledge at her side. No need to see what it was: the prayer ended in a passionate thanksgiving, and, borns high on the point of a tall alpenatock, something was laid gently down unon the window-ledge at her side. No need to see what it was: the prayer ended in a passionate thanksgiving, and, borns high on the hotel party below, the pale moonlight should be a heard of the passionate thanks

'tes, yes,' rejoined the reprobate, growing bolder with success. 'Why, the wedding's all but settled odd friend, you know, and all that. 'Pon my word, I'm sorry, Verriker;' and there was enough shame left in the old man to make him brush in the

shame left in the old man to make him blush in the darkness.
But Miss Hereford, stammered poor, bewildered Ralph—'I had thought—I had dared to hope—' and he stopped short.

'Yes, yes, I think she feared so. I saw it in her manner. She's young, you know, and tender-hearted; perhaps she seemed too kind. There, there, Verriker, don't take it to heart;' and for a moment even this villain was touched with remores.

hearted; perhaps sue seemed too kind. There, there, Verriker, don't take it to heart; and for a moment even this villain was touched with remores.

Poor little Decie. No need for her to blush and tremble, and steal into the breaktast room with down-cast eyes and noiseless step, next morning. Only Ralph's vacant chair stared her in the face, and her father was deep in a week-old Times.

'Oh, by the way,' said he, with an off-hand air, avoiding her eye, 'Verriker's gone in earnest this time. He came home late last night, and found a telegram, so he's off for America early this morning. Bore, 'isn't it I Didn't even leave you a message; but no doubt he meant me to say everything civil. Can you start for the Görner Grat to-day! Why, child, what makes you wear that ugly scrap of sdelweiss in your brooch; It's a beastly plant, and bears as much resemblance to a flower as a sea-anemone does to an aumal!'

Ah, well! it is woman's part in life to watch and wait, with patient, smiling face and breaking heart. Why should Decima have had a happier lot than millions of her susters? This sort of trouble does not kill; it only whitens the hair, and dulls the eyes, and ploughs ugly lines in a smooth young face, and steals away the youth, and the brightness, and the spring. Why should Decima complain? She had what most women have—a relic or two: a torn glove, a shrivelled scrap of flower, a memory, a heart-ache. What would she have more! Life was not over for her yet, alas! There was her old father: and to him she devoted herself, little dreaming, poor child, of the cruel wrong he kad done her; and as the months dragged away, newer, more urgent cares and troubles began to push the old pain into the background—till there came a day when a co-operative company broke, and with it went all the commuted pension her father had invested in it, and they were penniless: she young and strong, and has handkerchief came into constant use, as she talked; but he was too shocked at her story to answer anything but that too constant use, as sh

now a Swiss flower called the edelweiss?

Did she know it! Her heart leaped up, but she assented very quietly.

'Because I'm at my wits' end. An American buyer has just come over, and wants to order a large amount of lace with the pattern of an edelweiss. I shall lose the order if I can't execute it in the next fortnight; and where to get the design I don't know. I've sent right and left, and can't find even a picture of the thing; my designers don't sven know it by name. You don't happen to have a sketch or a specimen of it, do you?

'No-have you! By Jove! how lucky! Could you—would you mind lending it to me for a few days?

'Oh, but I believe I could do better than that—I think, with a little help. I could design you a pattern. I picked up a little designing at the Senool of Art years ago, and I know something about lace, for don't you remember your girls and I all learned to make pillow-lace once, for fun?

'Upon my sou!' said Mr. Stacey, quite breathless. 'Decie, my dear, you're an angel! Just bring that flower te my designing-room to-morrow morning, and try what you and my designer can do. And look here, child, I'm to have a hundred of It. And what's more, lets more work of the same sort, better than clipping or drawing, ch, Decie?' And with a joyful heart Decima sped home.

Yet she almost hesitated when she unlocked the little cedar box, which was the cofin of her dead past, and laid the small siltery blossom on her soft palm. Would he not have called this a profanation as complete as that of; the poor Swiss pebble-venders? Yet, had he not been guilty of a greater vulgarization and desceration when he won her love only to cast it aside like a withsred weed?

And all the long hours that she sat by the designer's side, patiently guiding his adaptation of the bewildering threads to her graceful drawing, while the Alpine flower lay before them on the smoke-blackened table, there seemed to ring in her ears the tones of a never-forgotten voice: 'Hideous profanation!' I cannot bear the edelweiss to be profaned?' And, as if in answer to a real accusation, her lips would move in the voiceless murmur: 'For my father's saxe.'

Slowly, slowly the design grew into-shape, exercising a strange fascination over Decima, as she lingered over the border which was to simulate the ridges of Alpine snow, and touched up the tiny flower in perspective, which she insisted on putting instead of the conventional sprig so dear to machine-lace designers. There had never been so original and so exquisite a lace made, they said; and the exultant buyer overwhelmed Decima with congratulations before he sped back across the Atlantic, to dazzle the eyes of the American market with this latest triumph of the Stockingham looms; while Decima walked home to a certain shabby little honse one night, rich in a banking account of a hundred pounds, and prospective work and wages. She was so happy that she even tried to make the story plain to the poor childish wreek that had once been Captain Hereford; and to ner delight, he listened, and seemed to understand, till she came to the one of the profame of the sight seemed to awake some long-dormant chord of absociation, for he moved uneasily in his arm-chair, and muttered 'Switzerland, Switzerland,' then seemed to doze heavily; and by and by swoke with a start of terror and a

III.

But where was Ralph Verriker all these long, weary months? When, with disappointment and sickness of heart, he set off across the Atlantic, after the dream so cruelly broken, it was only to find, on the other side, the news of this uncle's death, a will leaving him sole inheritor of a comfortable fortune, and a letter in which the old man set forth how, in leaving his money to Ralph, instead of to his niece Margaret, as had been popularly expected, it was in the full hope and belief that a marriage between the two young people would make matters equal, and prevent any injustice to the gni, who had, perhaps, learned to regard herself as his heiress. Poor Ralph was confounded. Not only had he never regarded his commonplace cousin Maage with more than a friendly interest, but the bitter experience of his Swiss trip had closed the world of love for him forever. It was not in van that nature had given him that resolute brow and chin, and a character which was so formed as to be able to love but once of or all. So at first his only thought was how best to atone to Madge for the wrong done by his heirship; but this was not the easy matter it seemed at first sight; the bulk of the property was so disposed as to come to him only in event of his marriage, and it was so settled upon his hers as to leave him ittle more than a life-interest in it, and to render it impossible to alienate it from himselt. Ralph looked very grave as the conviction slowly dawned upon him that Madge and duty were identical; and his mother's urgent entreaties that he should give her the daughter she had always longed for—all pressed into the same scale.

'I know she has always eared for you,' she kept But where was Ralph Verriker all these long,

mother's urgent entreaties that he should give her the daughter she had always longed for—all pressed into the same scale.

'I know she has always cared for you.' she kept repeating; and though Ralph was a modest fellow enough, the assurance seemed another claim. He told himself he was beginning to forget the woman who had been all too kind, and honestly thought the pain of remembrance was growing less—only because he instinctively avoided everything that could remind him of the bitterness of the past; and he himself hardly knew that he always scanned the first column of The Times so narrowly. She was married long ago, inc doubt; and it was only right that he should marry Madge. He used to repeat the list of her virtues to himself, and try to feel convinced that matter-of-fact, good-natured commonvince was by no means a drawback in the mother of one's children; and that it was a blessing Madge had no sentiment, and would not miss the love he could not give hor.

And so it came to pass that a certain night found them both at a New-York reception, and at the crisis of their fate. He had led her away into the conservatory, a goraeous affair, blazing with rare exotics and colored lamps; with shaded nooks, and the splash of a tiny fountain—a sort of Fifth Avenne garden of Eden.

They had both been sitting sitent—they never had very much to say to each other—and Ralph, as he sat, elbow on knee, stroking his moustache, looked nore like a culprit than a lover, for he had made up his mind to settle matters to night, and never had far softer and gentler than he had ever seen her, with none of the loud colors he had such a horror of—all in simple snowy lace and muslin.

'What a pretty dress, Madge,' he said kindly;' I never saw you look so well.

Madge's face brightened. She was rather afraid of Ralph, in general; he was so odd, and talked of the loud colors he had such a horror of—all in simple snowy lace and muslin.

I never saw you look so well.

Madge's face brightened. She was rather afraid of Ralph, in general; he was so odd, and talked of things she did not understand; but dress was a subject in which she was at home.

'Yes, Isn't it lovely?' she said with animation. Just look at the lace; even you'll admire it, I snould think. It cost me something, I can tell you. I daren't say what a yard, though it's only machine-made. But I thought myself very lucky to get it. It isn't even in the stores yet. I'm the first woman in New-York that has a dress of it. Mr. Slater let me have it out of his wholesale place as a great favor—Silas P. Slater, you know, in Pearl-st.; his buyer had just brought it over from Ralph hardly heeded has a silver hardly h

Ralph hardly heeded her placid talk; he had bent down dutituily to examine the lace which she indicated; but he raised his head with a sudden

indicated; but he raised his head with a sudden start.

'It is the edelweiss!' he said, and then stopped short. That whole bright scene—conservatory, flowers, lights. Margaret's plump form—all faded from before his eyes and instead rose up the snow-clad hills. These was a glow of sunset light in the sky, a hush of twilight in the air, two dark figures hand in hand; his own volce, quick and eager, smote on his ear: 'Profanation—vulgarization!'

What had he been about to do? He started to his feet in violent agitation, and walked to the door and then came back to his cousin's side. His face wore a look no one had ever seen there before—a look of deep shame.

'Madge,' he said.' I'm afraid I'm a brute; forgive me, please; but I meant to ask you something tonight which I had no business to do; I can't do it. What I want to ask you now is, if you will let me give you half of Uncle Thomas's money annually—the money that onght to be all yours. It's left so unjustly that I can't give it you out and out; but you'll let me do that?'

Margaret stared at him for a moment, then burst into a hearty laugh.

'My gracions, Raiph!' she said, 'is that all? I know what you meant, and you've tried your best.

Margaret stared at him for a moment, then burst into a hearty laugh.

'My gracions, Ralph!' she said, 'is that all? I know what you meant, and you've tried your best, though I guess annt rather egged you on; but it was no use; I saw that as soon as you came home from abroad; some other girl had been first. As for me, don't bother yourself. I told Charlie Anson last night that I'd marry him. I like him awfully, and he's twice as rich as you, you know. But you spoilt my story about the lace. Of course it's edel-weiss; that's what they call it—edelweiss lace—some Swiss flower, Mr. Slater says. And he told me about it—in confidence, of course—how it was designed by some young lady in Stockingham, to help her sick father along. He was a captain in the British Army and lost his money. Wasn't it queer? Did Mr. Slater tell me the girl's name? Mercy! Ralph, how strange you look! Yes. he did, but I forget it; it was like one of these English cathedrals; Gloucester, or Worcester, or something. Not Hereford? Why, yes, it was! How did you know? 'And what on earth are you doing?'—for Ralph was on his knees at her feet, penknife in hand. 'It's my best flounce. Stop this minute!'
'I'm going to have a bit of that lace—just one flower!' said a smothered voice.

And the end? Ah, well! the end—

"I do not rhyme to that dull elf."

"I do not rhyme to that dult elf Who cannot picture to himself."

The Arabia sailed at 10 o'clock the next morning; but we will not follow. It is alone in the silence and solemnity of the sacred mountain-top that the climber reverently gathers, and places in his bosom, to wear and cherish there forever, the love that has been won after long pain and trial—the peerless edelweiss!—(Cassell.

MISTAKES IN DIRECTING LETTERS. The letters that ignorant or careless person

drop in the rost-office with insufficient directions on the envelopes are not allowed to remain undelivered without some attempt to decipher the obscure addresses. All letters bearing directions that are not easily decipherable by the clerks in the New-York office are sent to a able by the clerks in the New-York office are sent to a special department in which three clerks are constantly employed in correcting the inistakes or omissions of correspondents. The majority of the letters sent to this department consist of cavelopes addressed for the most part in the handwriting of business men or clerks and in which the names of the cities are omitted or wrongly given. Many letters are found every day intended for delivery in streets known to be in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Newark or other cities, but all addressed to New-York. Directories of all the princities are kept on hand and are consulted to obtain

names of streets and business firms. Hundreds of the firm names become so familiar to the clerks that the errors can be corrected without the delay necessary to consult the directorles. Frequently the name of the city is omitted, but it can often be supplied. The cause of some of the mistakes made is obvious. For instance, the business man who addressed an envelope to "Messrs. Lord & Flannel, Broadway." was evidently thinking of the goods he was ordering of Lord & Taylor. 'When the same firm was addressed as "Bayard & Taylor," the literary turn of the writer was evident. Messrs. "Howard & Crosby," to whom several letters were directed, were found to exist only in the person of were directed, were found to exist only in the person of an agent doing business at the junction of Howard

an agent doing business at the junction of Howard and Crosby-sts.

The many mistakes of ignorant foreigners are rather more difficult to correct than the careless errors of business men. When, for instance, a letter is directed to "My husband, North America," no amount of ingenuity can find the person for whom it was intended. What the practised eye and skilful guess can accomplish is done. Mr. Stone, the head of the department, will read without difficulty, "Old Bermo" as Albany; "Cykaga" or "Zygga" as Chicago: "Tetruith" as Detroit: "Sonnwithout difficulty, "Old Berme" as Albany; "Cykaga" or "Zyaga" as Chicago; "Tetruitt" as Detroit; "Sonnikut" as Connecticut, and the like. A letter addressed to "Signignical's Hotel, New-York, finds its proper destination at the St. Nicholas. But when only loring messages and farewells are found on the envelopes the task becomes more difficult. "We meet again," "Good by for the time," "Respectfully, your devoted friend," and "Good by, dear brothers and sisters," all addressed carefully to North America, hardly afford sufficient basis for identification. Scarcely more intelligible is "Boarding and Lodging by the day or week, 27, Washington, Mrs. Johnson, proprietor," One correspondent carefully copies a business card on which boots, shoes, "gents" furnishing goods and other articles are advertised, but the name and address are wanting. They are probably inside the envelope.

Even the post offices are sometimes found to be in error, and letters piainly directed to other places find their way to New-York. If the gentleman who wrote from Galway, Ireland, to a correspondent at Spiddle, saying, "Please send a car for me on Monday," was disappointed, he may learn if he reads The Trigune that his letter was put by mistake luto the American mail-bag and was read yesterday in New-York.

The principal investigator of these errors at the New-York office is W. W. Stone, who is known as the "blind reader," though as a Western lady, who had an idea that he had a mysterious way of reading without eyes, remarked, "He don't act as if he were blind." Mr. Stone has been twenty-seven years in the service, and for a large part of that time has devoted himself entirely to reading obscure addresses. He can read most of the foreign languages and has acquired remarkable facility in his occupation. He has two assistants in the work of deciphering addresses, and they are kept busy from morning till night.

A BALLAD OF BRAVE WOMEN.

OFF SWANSEA-JANUARY 27, 1883 From The Youth's Companion With hiss and thunder and inner boom— While through the darkness the great waves loom And charge the rocks with the shock of doom—

A second sea is the hurricane's blast: Its viewless billows are loud and vast, By their strength great trees are uptorn and down-

To-night falls many a goodly tree, As many a ship, through the raging sea Shall go with the strange sea-things to be, At times through the hurry of clouds, the moon

Looks out aghast: but her face right soon. Is hidden again, and she seems to swoon. Oh, the wind waves, and oh, the sea waves, The gulfs of wind, and the sea-gulfs for graves, Fast through the air how She flies and raves;

Raves with a magical mad delight The viewless spirit of storm and night. Heart of the wind, and soul of his might. Hark to the voice which shouts from the sea. The voice of a dreadful reveiry! The unseen hunters are out, and flee

Over the crests of the roaring deep. Or they climb the ways that are wild and steep. Or right through the heart of their light they leap. Rear of the wind and roar of the waves, And song and clamor of sea-filled caves, What ship to-night such a tempest braves?

Yet see, ab, see, how a snake of light tioes hissing and writhing up all the night, While the cry, "Going down!" through the mad might—

Through the roar of the winds and the together-Is sent this way by the shricking weather, But to help on such night were a vain endeavor.

See a glare of torches; and married and single,
Men and women confusedly mingle—
You can hear the rush of their feet down the
shingle. Oh, salt and keen is the spray in their faces From the strength of the wind they reel

Catch hands to steady them there in their places How would a boat in such seas behave? But the life-boat! Quick! The life-boat will save. She is manned, with her crew of strong fellows, and brave.

See! They ride on the heights, in the deep valleys

Until, with a cry which the winds outstrip Their boat is hurled on the sinking snip. Its side is gored, for the sea to have way through—
"It is over!" they cried. "We have done all men
may do!
Yet there's one chance left!" and themselves they
threw

Right into the wrath of the sea and the wind! It rages all round them, before, behind. Their cars are deafened; their eyes are blind.

Then in the middlemost hell of the night, Yea, in the innermost heart of the light, They strain and struggle with all their might— With never a pause, while God's mercy they cry Their teeth are set, and their muscles are iron— Each man has the heart and the thews of a lion.

Wave spurns them to wave. They may do
Who knows?
For shoreward the great tide towering goes.
And shoreward the great wind thundering blows

But, no! See that wave, like a Fate bearing on! It breaks them and passes. Two swimmers alone Are seen in the wave, and their strength is nigh

Quoth three soldiers on shore, "They must give up hope, Neither swimmer nor boat with such surges could

Nor could one stand steady to cast a rope "For he who would cast it must stand hip-high In the trough of the sea, and be thrown thereby On his face, never more to behold the sky."

But a woman stept out from those gathered there, And she said, "My life for their lives will I dare, I pray for strength, God will hear my prayer."

And the light of her soul her eyes shone through, But the men they jecred, and they cried, "Go to! Can a woman do what we dare not do!" Spake another woman—"I, too! We twain Will do our best, strive with might and main And if what we do shall be done in vain,

'And the great sea have us to hold and hide It were surely better thus to have died Than to live as these others. Haste! Haste!"

They seized a rope, and with no word more, Fearless of death, down the steep of the shore They dashed, right into the light and the roar Of the giant waves, which sprang on them there, As a beast of prey might spring from his lair. While the roar of his triumph made deaf the air.

Oh, loud is the Death they hurry to meet... The stones shp shricking from under their feet... They stagger, but fall not. Beat, mad billows, beat They raise their arms, with their soul's strength quivering—
They pause—"Will it reach ?"—Then they shout and fling.
And straight as a stone driven forth by a sling— Driven far afield by a master hand The rope whizzes out from the seething strand: A shout—"It is caught! For land, now, for land

A crash like thunder! They drop to their knees, But they keep their hold in the under seas. They rise. They pull. Nor falter, nor cease. The strength of ten men have these women to-night,
And they shout with the rapturous sense of their
might—
Shout, as men shout, when they revel in fight,

They reel, but they fall not. The rope windsin, fast: Hark, hark! what a shout answers their shout, at "That will do! We touch bottom! The danger is

Then the women turn from the raging water With the two they have snatched from its lust for slaughter, But their feet flag, now, and their breath comes Hardly they hear in their sea-dimmed ears The sound of sobs, or the sound of cheers— Their eyes are drowned, but with spray, not tears.

When deeds of valor, Coast vaunts over Coast—As to which proved bravest, and which did most, Two Swansea women shall be my toast. PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

THE DEMAND FOR JERSEYS.

ORIGIN AND INCREASE OF THE DEMAND FOR THES

About this season of the year the Jersey cow About this season of the year the Jersey cow flourishes, and brings exceedingly high prices at auction and private sales. The importation of these animals is yearly increasing, and so is the interest taken in them. The fact that the little island of Jersey produces the best cows in the world is said to have been originally due to the fact that it was such a poor little place. All the peasants on this relic of the Angio-French empire kept cows. As there was about one cow to each peasant, and as he was made the product of the angio-french the product of the angio-french the product of the angio-french to the product of the angio-french tent was mainly dependent on the product of the animal for his daily food, he took care to see that this one cow was a good one. It was a matter of life or death with the pensant, and he studied the cow's nature and catered to her wants and humored her whims, trying in all ways to induce her to give enormous quantities of very rich milk. If the caw proved obdurate and gave only a moderate amount of milk, or the quality of her milk did not come up to the standard of excellence, she was quickly made into roasts and steaks. This application of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest brought it about that only the very best cows were permitted to reach maturity. A few bulls were kept for breeding purposes and they were always selected with the greatest care. So the Jersey cows flourished and their fame gradually became noised abroad. Cattle-breeders began to import them into England and finally into this country Fear ful that the breed of cattle in the Island of Jersey, would be injured by the importation in the island of an inferior stock, the British Government early passed a law forbid-

be injured by the importation in the Island of an inferior stock, the British Government early passed a law forbidding any cattle to be carried into the Island for 100 years.

The importation of Jerseys into this country began in 1856, the principal importers being Thomas Motly, of Boston, and Colone! Taintor, of Hartford. Just previous to the year 1860 a demand sprang up in England for Jerseys handsomely marked with black points, to be used in ornamenting lawns. Ever alive to their own interests, the breeders of Jersey began to give all their attention to producing animals that were handsomely marked. Cattle were brought from the northwest side of the island where the cows were prettier, but not so good producers of milk, and mixed with those of the best sort on the eastern sio e. The result was the deterioration of the breed, and those cattle imported to this country between 1860 and 1875 were of an interior grade to those brought here before and since. Those imported in the past five years by T. S. Cooper and others have been quite equal to the original stock.

The cattle of the Jersey blood bred in this country are said to be fully equal in all points of excellence to those imported. There are now in the United States imported animals that were formerly the most celebrared in the Island of Jersey, and most of those bred here are of the very best Jersey blood. There are at the present time in this country 17,000 Jerseys. Of these from 3,000 to 5,000 are imported animals. There are many large and well-known herds. J. A. Walker, of Worcester, Mass., has a herd of 200 animals, descendants of the importations previous to 1860. One of the most valuable herts is that owned by A. B. Darling, of Rahway, N. J., which consists of 100 animals. Gescendants of the importations previous to 1860. One of the most valuable herts is that owned by A. B. Darling, of Rahway, N. J., which consists of 100 animals. Gescendant of the imported animals of Jersey blood born in or brought into the country. Some of the strains of blood m

VALUABLES LOST IN HOSPITALS.

HOW THE PROPERTY OF PATIENTS IS CARED FOR. David M. Earl, who was recently a patient at Chambers Street Hospital, lost a valuable watch and a sum of money while in the institution, and has thus far been unable to recover his property or to get damages for the authorities of the hospital. Superintendent Parks, of the Chambers Street Hospital, said that such a loss was extremely rare, Mr. Earl's being the first case in his experience. When asked if the managers of the hospital would hold themselves responsible for such losses. Mr. Parks said that he could not say positively, as all questions of that kind were decided by a special committee, but as there was no question in this case as to the loss and value of the missing property, he thought that Mr. Earl's claim would be recognized.
Dr. H. V. Wildman, one of the resident physicians of

Believue Hospital, gave a brief outline of the system pursued at that institution.

"Dy you often have such losses as Mr. Earl con

of f" he was asked.
"I don't see how it is possible under our present regu "I don't see now it is possible under our present regu-lations, for all valuables are taken by the head nurse immediately to Warden O'Rourke, who makes out a re-ceipt, which is handed to the patient on his discharge, and if the patient dies it is given to the friends or rela-

" Does the warden keep the property here !"
" No. it is sent to the secretary of the Department of Public Charities and Correction, and on presentation of the receipt from Warden O'Rourke the property is de-

Jacob Curtis, a clerk who has been at Believue for patient lost property either through negligence or theft The clothes of a patient on admission are placed in a separate compartment, similar to the compartments in otel cont-rooms. His name and the number of the compartment are entered in the book. So loss of clother is practically impossible Mr. Curtis said that it was not an unusual thing to find considerable sums of money on the clothing of patients who presented the aspect of abject poverty. He cited the case of an insane patient

the clothing of patients who presented the aspect of abject poverty. He cited the case of an insane patient at Ward's Island who had concealed in different parts of his clothing between \$700 and \$8C0.

The chief clerk at Roosevelt Hospital, in speaking of Mr. Earl's loss, said: "Yes, of course people make a great row when they lose anything, and yet it is impossible to prevent accidents of that kind occasionally. Only a month ago the day orderly, representing himself to a patient as one having authority, got all his money, about \$200, and that is the last we've seen of him."

"What precaution is taken to prevent such losses !"

"Every precaution is taken, and losses are extremely rare. On enterins, the hospital a patient delivers his valuables, morey, jewelry and so on, to the superintendent and gets a "celpt, which he retains and when discharged regalus his property on presentation of the receipt. In case of death, of course the goods are delivered to his friends or relatives."

"What do you do with the clothes !" was next asked.
We enter a list of them on a book used for that purpose, with the name of the owner and the date of admission, rad the clothes are packed away in the clothes room if clean and the patient is suffering from no infectious disease. Otherwise the clothes are first cleaned and thoroughly disinfected before being piaced in the clothes room. People don't realize how difficult it is to prevent accidents in large hospitals. Only last night one of our patients escaped 'I' was the natural question.

"How did it happen and why do you use the word 'escaped 'I' was the natural question.

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and I imagine it is extremely rare in any of the hospitals."

"Do you take charge of money and jewelry belonging to patients I"

"That depends on circumstances. We leave it to the option of the patient in all cases. If the patient be in a responsible condition he can, just as at a hotel, keep his valuables at his own risk, or deposit them with me and have them locked up."

"Do you give a receipt when the money or jewelry is left with you!"

"Yes, if it is required, but not otherwise. We enter the amount of money and the jewelry, if any, in the book, and it is rather the exception to give a receipt. Although, as I say, it is optional with the patient whether he shall keep his money and jewelry or not, in some cases we are obliged to use our own judgment. If a man comes in here with delirium tremens, for example, and has money and valuables, we always take them in charge, as he is in no condition to look after his own property."

property."

"In case of loss after valuables have been intrusted to you, do the authorities hold themselves responsible !"

"Such a case has never arisen, but I should say on general principles that the hospital would be bound to make good any such loss."

COOPER UNION FINANCES.

EFFORTS TO DEVELOP FURTHER THE USEFULNESS OF THE INSTITUTION.

The twenty-fourth annual report of the trustees of Cooper Union, recently issued, stated that the funds according for the support of Cooper Institute were insufficient to carry out the design in the spirit Peter Cooper had originally intended. Dr. J C. Zachos, Cu-

Cooper had originally intended. Dr. J O. Zachos, Curator of the Union, in reply to inquiries made of him respecting the manner in which the institution will be conducted since the death of its founder, said:

"There will be no changes in the plan as pursued at present. It has been the wish of the trustees as far as possible to accommodate the public desiring to attend the Cooper Union schools. This Mr. Hewith has presented in the introduction of the instreport. During Peter Cooper's life the Union had the revenue from \$200,000, last year amounting to \$11,609. This ceased with his death, but he left an endowment of \$100,000 for the Union by his will, and his children, in accordance

with his wishes, will contribute \$100,000 more. so that the revenue will remain about the same. But Mr. Cooper never expected to be fully able himself to provide the Union with all the advantages he desired, and it was for this reason that when the Institute was built as portion of it was rented and the rents went toward defraying the expenses. Last year these rents amounted to \$34,255 and the total revenue was \$50,872, but the expenses for the year exceeded this sum by \$3,548. Take out the \$34,000, which is the amount of revenue obtained from the rental of stores, and which would be the case if the whole building is converted into school uses, and you see there would be little comparatively to defray the runging expenses of the year."

"In what manner do the trustees wish to develop further the Union "

"By enlarging the capacity so as to accommodate the put lie. The number of applicants last year to the Free Art School for Women was 1,450, a greater number than ever before. Only 496 of these were admitted, there not being accommodation for more. The applications to this school were so great that the trustees finally organized an afternoon class, called the amateur class, for those who were able to pay a small fee. This also is overrun with applications."

"How is the selection made for admitting pupils?"

"They take their chances in the order in which their names appear, every applicant enrolling her name, but these applications have to be renewed each year."

"At the close of the year 1861 the number of pupils receiving certificates was 272; the present year it was \$955. The expenses have been increased in a similar manner and also by improving the grade of instruction. In 1860 sixteen teachers were employed; last year there were thirty-six. Then the expenditures were loss than \$31,000, and last year they were nearly \$55,000. Mr. Cooper under a special gift of \$50,000 some time ago for general expenses, out of which the extra expenses of last year were oaid, and of this fund some \$10,000 is remaining."

"Are

EXPLOSIVES NOT SO POWERFUL AS SUP-

Letter from the Manager of Nobel's Explosives Company to The London Times

I observe that exagerated statements as to the destructive effects of exploded nitro-glycerine and dynamite have appeared in the newspapers. As those statements are likely to produce unnecessary alarm and anument the prevailing "scare" it may be well to reassure the public somewhat by giving them, instead of the grossly exagerated assertions that have appeared, exact figures from which they will be able to judge how very intic cause there is for alarm. Nitro-glycerine and dynamite do not, when exploded, exert suchas force as is popularly believed. To sneak precisely, the power developed by the explosion of a ton of dynamite is equal to 45, 675 tons ruised one foot, or 45,675 foot-tons. One ton of nitro-glycerine animarly exploded will exert a power of 64,452 foot-tons, and one ton of biasting gelatine, singularly exploded, 71,000 foot-tons, These figures, although large, are not enormous, and need not excite terror. Seventy of 6 feet on the side, and if it were possible to concentrate the whole force of a ton of blasting selatine at the moment of explosion on such a mass, the only effect would be to lift it to the height of a foot. The formation of the such as and according to the form of explosion on such a mass, the only effect with an instrument which gives accurate results in measuring the force of explosives. The power exerted by exceptions on surrounding objects is in the inverse ratio of the cube of the distance from the point of explosion. Thus, at 100 feet from the exact ount of an explosion, the tower is only the cube of 1-100th, or 1-1,000,000th part of what it is at a distance of only one foot from that point; or, in other words, if the nower at one foot from the spot to the cube of the distance of 100 feet; it will be but 1. It is thus seen that the effects are intensely local but comparatively traffing at even short distances. If a ton of dynamite or nitro-glycerine were exploded in a London street the effect beneath the le

tine 1.555.

The 1½ cwt. of nitro-glycerine seized by the police the other day would, if exploided, exert a force of only 4,833 foot-tons, and if converted into dynamite it would represent a force of only 4,567 foot-tons. The conversion of nitro-glycerine into dynamite reduces the power of the former, but renders it more easy and safe to handle and use. The power given above is comparatively insignificant, and as it is the maximum effect that could be produced under the most favorable circumstances on the very spot of explosion, it never could be obtained in practice. It is therefore absurd to say, as was said the other day in a Loudon paper, that the explosion of such a quantity of nitro-glycerine would blow up the whole of London. In fact, the explosion gould scarcely be heard over London, and the damage done by it would be strictly local.

I have often, by way of expertment, exploded a pound of dynamite suspended from the end of a fishing-rod by a string about 6 feet long, holding the rod in my hand the while. As there was no solid matter to project I received no injury, and the end of the fishing rod was not even scratched. About 3 feet of the string at the end of the rod was always left uninjured.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the scoundrels who attempt to destroy public buildings are powerless to do much harm by their operations. They cannot by any means at their disposal lay whole city in ruins—not even a street. They may mignro special buildings, but that is the most they can do.

"RATIONAL DRESS" FOR MEN.

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"A Women's" Letter in The London Times.

Men have their say on women's dress, and decide autocratically what is or is not "rational dress"; will you permit a lady to represent that men's costume is by no means perfect, and admits of much improvement as regards health, convenience, and grace? It is rather difficult to speak out plainly enough to substantials my assertion as to the first point; but doctors will testify that there has been a great increase of late among young men of hyea and kidney disease, not to speak of other delicate parts. This is owing, I believe, to the fashion which has prevailed of small cut-away coats, leaving loins and stomach unwrapt, save by the tight and often thin trousers. Older men frequently suffer from chill taken from sitting on damp seats, or cold stone, from which a woman would be protected by her more voluminous garments. The abaurdity of the open coat and waisteast. turned back just where the throat and chest need covering, is more generally recognized. The practice of wearing, in winter, waisteoats cut very high, and the constant argument for wearing a beard, "to protect my throat," show that it is felt, though not often acknowledged in speech. The large expanse of starched shirt front, held together, perhaps, with but one small stud, is ridiculous in every way. It is a sham, for most, if not all, wearers supplement its deficiency by a warm vest below, which cannot, however, quite exclude a searching wind, or keen night air, after leaving a warm roon, from reaching the lungs. It is not beautiful in itself, it becomes easily soiled, needs frequent repair, costly washing, and seldom seta as it should. The stiff collar, rasping chip, cheeks, and throat, is most inconvenient to a fancy ball in hose and silk stocking, exclaim, "How jolly it is to dance without trousers." I suppose be found they fettered freedom of action. The chief difference between man's dress and woman's is the principle of suspension. The former uses bra